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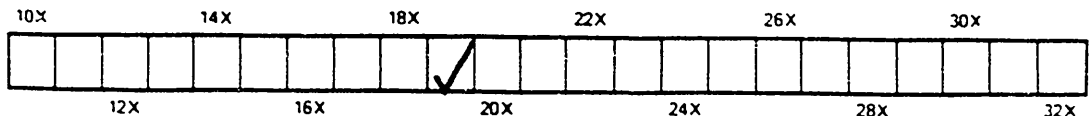
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GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.

The CHILDRENS RECORD.



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BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

THE END OF 1895.

This is the last issue of the year. Your RECORD is ten years old, the age of many of its readers.

Those who began reading it as children ten years ago are now men and women, while the RECORD has remained young to welcome the new armies of young people each year.

But we hope that its friends of ten years ago will not despise its youth, but will still make it welcome for "the days of auld lang syne," and for the help it has tried to give them. And perhaps they may get good from it, though it be small, for little people sometimes say things that are helpful older ones.

The RECORD wishes to express its thanks for many kind words that have come to it from young and old. It will try and be more worthy of them the coming year.

As the old year draws to a close let us thank God for it, for all that it has brought to us, and ask Him to forgive its sins and short comings and help us live better for the time to come. Above all, if we have not yet done so, let us, ere this old year goes out,— "choose that better part which shall not be taken away from us."

THE COMING OF 1896.

Another year will soon be at hand ; and as it comes the RECORD has two favors to ask :

One is, that it wishes to greet all its old friends again, and visit them from month to month bearing letters from our missionaries, and other helpful reading, during the coming year, and hopes that all of them will bid it welcome. If you have no Sabbath School during winter you need your RECORD all the more to keep you in touch with your mission workers.

The other favor which it asks, is, that all its readers will do what they can to introduce it to others. If you know of any place where it is not taken, send the name of some one to whom a parcel of samples may be forwarded.

This RECORD belongs to the young people of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. It is the only paper printed expressly for them and they should all have a copy of it. Will you not help to get it into every Presbyterian home in our country ?

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Again we hear the Christmas bells,
Ring out their joyful story—

"A Saviour unto you is born,
Christ the King of glory ;"
Loud and clear the music floats
From steeple and from tower,
Across the hills and distant vales,
Throughout the happy bowler.

Once more the merry Christmas bells
Ring out in every clime,
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
In sweet and silvery rhyme ;
Everywhere the bells ring out
A glad and sweet refrain ;
In the village, in the city,
On the wide and distant plain.

They are ringing on the waters,
On the deep and boundless sea ;
They are ringing in the prisons,
On this gladsome jubilee ;
They are ringing, ringing, ringing,
Loud and clear, now soft and sweet,
In the cottage, in the palace,
Through the city's crowded street.

They are ringing at the homestead,
As they've rung year after year,
For the gay and happy loved ones
Who are home from far and near—
Home to spend the merry Christmas
With the old folks kind and true,
Where the Christmas joys of childhood
First were brought before their view
—*Sci.*

OUR YOUNG WORKERS.

The children of the S. School at Cote St. Gabriel, P.Q., were told by their pastor, of different ways by which they might do something to help. One of them, Maggie Jane Kilpatrick, adopted the idea of a "missionary hen"; and, as a result of the past summer's work by the hen, was able, a few days ago, to send seventy-seven cents for missions. There are many of our young people earning money for missions. We would be glad to receive for this column some short statements of what they are doing and how they succeed.

NEVER SAW A BIBLE.

Where did that child live? In Canada. One day a Home Missionary in the North West visited a family, and after talking with them for some time, he asked if he might read and pray with them, "No sir," said the husband, "we do not believe in religion here." The wife then said to her husband. "This man has been kind enough to visit us, and surely we can let him read."

"All right," was the reply, "just as you say."

The Missionary then asked one of the children to fetch him a book. The child handed him a novel off the table.

"I did not mean that, my child," said the Missionary. "I meant a Bible."

"What is that?" said the child.

There is no Bible in the house," said the father, "we don't believe in the book."

The Missionary had a small Bible in his pocket, and taking it out, he read some verses, and knelt in prayer.

The wife knelt also, while the husband sat with his hat on, smoking, and the children scarce knew what to do. The younger ran to their mother, while the elder ones stood stock still on the floor.

After prayer, the Missionary sat down, when a child with whom he had made friends, asked him, "Why did you go down on your knees? To whom were you speaking? I did not see any body."

There is as much need of Missionaries in such places as in heathen lands, and while you are giving to send the Gospel to other lands, do not forget the young people in our own land who are growing up without it.

SAVED BY A HORSESHOE.

Many years ago there lived in Scotland a man whose name was Ormeston. He was a lover of the Lord Jesus, and belonged to the people of God who were called Covenanters. There were a great many of them; but they were not allowed to meet together for the worship of God; if they did, they were in danger of having their service broken up by

troops of horsemen, who hunted them upon the mountains.

I wonder how many of us would want to go to Sunday School next Sunday if we were likely to be thus treated. How thankful we ought to be that no soldiers are likely to disturb our happy meetings.

One day Ormeston had been to a little gathering of Christians; and as he was returning across a field near a place called Eckford Moss, Roxburghshire. he saw a horseshoe, and, as it was nearly new, he picked it up. A simple thing to do, and yet great things depended upon that small bit of iron.

For a time he carried it in his hand, then he put it in his pocket, then he changed it over to another pocket; but it seemed to get heavier and heavier. He would throw it away

At last Ormeston thought of his Scotch cap or bonnet, the horseshoe would lie in it quite comfortably; so in that upper storey he tucked it away.

He had hardly done so when some troopers rode up.

"Have you been to hear a sermon?" said the leader.

"Yes," replied the Covenanter.

Without waiting for anything more, the soldier raised his sword, and, striking the man upon the head, felled him to the earth. Then, thinking he was dead, they rode off.

Coming to his senses, the Christian found he was not hurt; a deep dent was seen in the horseshoe, but it had saved his head. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence" (I Cor. 1: 27).

In Eph. 6: 17, we are told to take the helmet of salvation." Have you done so? Then you may say, "O God the Lord, the strength of my salvation, Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle" (Psalms 140: 7).—*ScL.*

OUR DECEMBER CATECHISM.

Question—What is meant by “The Schemes of the Church?”

Answer—The different ways along which our church carries on her General work.

Q. What are the main schemes of our Church?

A. Colleges to train men for the ministry; Home Missions, to help send missionaries to the smaller settlements in our country, where they have no ministers of their own; the Augmentation Fund, to help smaller congregations support their own pastor; French Evangelization, to send the Gospel to our French Canadian fellow-countrymen; and, Foreign Missions, to send the Gospel to the heathen.

Q. Which of these schemes is the most important?

A. They are all important, just as the head, hands, feet, all the members, are important to the body.

Q. Could the Church do without any of these schemes?

A. She could not prosper without them.

Q. Could we not do without the College Fund?

A. No, for our Church would not exist without her ministers to do her work.

Q. Could we not do without Home Missions?

A. Our Church would not grow, for there would be scarcely any new congregations if Home Missionaries did not go to preach in new settlements.

Q. Could we not do without the Augmentation Scheme?

A. No, for then small congregations could have no pastor of their own, and would grow smaller instead of larger.

Q. Could we not do without the French Evangelization Scheme?

A. We could not be faithful to our country, our church, or our God, and allow a million and a quarter of our fellow countrymen to be without the Bible in their own tongue.

Q. Could we not do without Foreign Missions?

A. Not if we would obey Christ, for His

last command was “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

Q. Since all these “Schemes” of the Church are necessary to her life and work, what is our duty with regard to them?

A. To help them all, by giving to them, more or less, as we may be able; and not to limit our giving to any one of them, no matter how strongly we may be urged to do so.

Q. Are there any other “Schemes of the Church?”

A. Yes, there is the Assembly Fund, the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, and the Widows and Orphans' Fund.

Q. What is the Assembly Fund?

A. A Fund from which some of the expenses of the General Assembly are paid.

Q. What is the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund?

A. It gives a little help to ministers when they get sick, or old, and unable to work.

Q. How is it supported?

A. Partly by gifts from congregations, and partly by dues from the ministers.

Q. What is the Widows' and Orphans' Fund?

A. If a minister dies and leaves a widow or small children, they get a little help from it.

Q. How is it supported?

A. In the Maritime Synod it is supported entirely by the ministers. In the Western section of the Church, it is supported partly by the ministers and partly by gifts from the Churches.

Q. What should the young people do with this Catechism?

A. They should read it over several times until they know about the different parts of our Church work.

Q. Why should the young people do this?

A. That they may know what they are doing when they give to the work of the Church.

Q. Is there any other reason?

A. Yes, because they will soon be men and women, carrying on the work of the Church, and will do that work better if they learn about it when young.



**So tired, but I'm glad I've learned that Catechism on the opposite page,
and I'll try to remember it.**

TWO PICTURES FROM TRINIDAD.

TUNAPUNA is Dr. Morton's station. At Tacarigua, two miles distant, Miss Blackadder teaches a very large mission school, and is doing a grand work. Some of her young people were coming to Tunapuna to join the Church, and she wrote of it as follows:

THE DARK PICTURE.

"Early in the bright, beautiful, morning, I started for Tunapuna, two miles distant. Grooms were taking horses, mules, donkeys, and dogs, to the river to bathe. Such riding and driving; such scare crows on horse-back; yelling, cursing in two or three different languages; sounds of cruel blows upon the thin sides of the poor toilers of the week, would make any one's heart sad; and yet this is the usual way in which the early hours of the day of rest are spent in many places in Trinidad.

Arrived at Tunapuna there was a grand market in progress. On each side of the road were Indians and negroes, selling and buying fruits, vegetables, fowls, eggs; yelling at the top of their voices."

THE BRIGHT PICTURE.

"On I went to the quiet upper street where stands the church and manse of the Canadian Mission. No sound there of worldly loss and gain; the ground cool and shady, bright flowers cheered the eye; sweet perfume from the white jessamine was around and about us, the roses blooming here under tropical skies, golden oranges gleaming among the green leaves, and bright plumed birds darting about, all made up a picture of peace and beauty not soon forgotten.

Soon the bell began calling, parents and children came into the pretty church, all clean, neat, and quiet; such a contrast to the confusion not far away.

We had a fine band of young people from Tacarigua to be baptized. The young men walked down; the mothers and babies came accompanied by the faithful Bible woman, Hannah

We had a pleasant service; then a middle aged couple were married according to Chris-

tian rites and were afterwards baptized as Rebecca and Isaac. Our Tacarigua young men, as they were baptized, were given English names of their own choosing instead of their heathen names."

This is the work you are helping to do in Trinidad.

TWO PICTURES FROM HONAN.**1. A CHEERFUL PICTURE.**

Picture to yourselves the six little Chinese girls trying to learn.

Mr. Mackenzie, one of our missionaries in Honan, says in a letter to the RECORD:

"As I write you these lines, six Chinese girls are reciting the catechism in a room a few feet distant.

In accordance with Chinese custom, the feet of each were bound at an early age, so they are destined to be cripples for life.

They are from poor families, and did not know a character (word letter) till taught by the foreign ladies.

Water is very abundant here, but a glance shows that they do not see much of it.

They come daily, and are making good progress. They have learned a good many truths about Christianity, and several Christian hymns, and these they sing daily quite heartily. Their memories are being stored with Christian truths which will yet, we hope, mould their lives.

This is the senior girls' class. The juniors, taught daily in the same manner, show the same interest and are making good progress.

It is pleasing to hear of their learning about Christ, but no matter how much they learn their poor little crippled feet can never be well. Only when China becomes Christian will mothers cease binding the feet of their girl babies."

2. A SAD PICTURE.

Try and picture this one to yourselves. The medical missionary is in his little office taking the sick people in one by one, doing what he can for them; and while the others are waiting their turn in the little chapel, another missionary speaks to them telling them how to be cured from the disease of sin. Here is what Mr. Mackenzie says about it:

"I sat in the street chapel a few hours addressing the patients, waiting their turn for medical treatment.

Would that your readers could see for themselves these daily scenes. Over twenty patients are often sitting listening very impatiently, and longing for their turn to get the help which my medical brother can give.

Many of them can be cured. Others could have been cured if they had come some months earlier, but the disease has now gone too far. Numbers come for whom nothing can be done. Some will not submit to the necessary treatment, and thus receive no benefit.

There are many sad, helpless, hopeless, sufferers, but there are some who come daily who seem to be opening their hearts to the truth. We trust that they are resolved to forsake idols, and cleave only to the Lord Jesus Christ."

A STRANGE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

IN the old city of Mhow, in Central India, is one of our mission stations. Miss Calder, one of our lady missionaries, has a school there for girls, and her school-house almost reminds one of the little play-houses that children sometimes build, with no window and a little hole for a door. Let us hear what she has to say about it.

"The old school-house in Pensionpura has become so bad that it is not safe to enter, so of late the school has been carried on in a little native hut, with no windows, and a low door at the front and back. A partition across the middle of the hut divides it into two little rooms, each with a low door to let in light and air.

These doors are so low that one has to get down pretty close to the ground to enter, and when one gets inside, it seems to be almost in entire darkness.

As it is now the rainy season, we cannot get any better place built for some months, and so I must do the best I can in my wee hut.

Besides having such a poor place for the school, I have had many difficulties in persuading the little girls to attend.

Their religious teachers and others, a short time ago, told them that I wanted them to attend school for a few months and then put them in jail until they should pay 25 rupees each, about eight dollars.

Of course the poor little things were quite frightened, and many would not attend school, but others who had more faith in me, came, and gradually that "scare" was a thing of the past.

In spite of all the difficulties, the Pensionpura girls are improving very nicely, and are really lovable. I am very fond of them.

The parents of the higher castes in Old Mhow are very frightened that I will make their girls Christians, and do not send them regularly, but I can visit from house to house, no one objecting to the Bible and hymns. All are anxious to listen, and will ask for more hymns than I have strength to sing.

To the natural eye it seems almost a hopeless task to uplift and Christianize them, but to the eye of faith, not so."

HOW AN OLD WOMAN CHANGED.

AN INCIDENT TOLD BY MISS CALDER,
OF MHOW.

"An old woman made quite a confession to me the other day when I went to visit her (she was sick at the time).

She said, 'Miss Sahib, it is a very hard thing to have to confess, but I must tell you that when you first came here I thought you were not going to care for us or love us, and that you would not give us medicine if we were sick, or care, in fact, whether we lived or died. You would just come and talk to us and then go away.

But, Miss Sahib, it is many months now since I have quite changed my opinion, and I know you love us and care for us, and I feel ashamed that I thought so badly of you.'

This and a great deal more she said, but I give this just to show they are like ourselves, uncivilized as they are, and appreciate loving acts as other people. I love them more the more I see of their misery and degradation. There are so many of them for one to help that sometimes the work seems hopeless, but then comes the thought the work is God's and He can "save by many or by few," so we take courage and do what lies in our power."

JULIA'S MISTAKE.

THREE merry girls entered the cars at the terminus of a city road. They were bright-eyed intelligent, and full of fun.

"O, I do hope," said Anne Wing, arranging her skirts and books comfortably, "We shan't have a single passenger from here to Dorr street. I just want to talk and laugh and net exactly as I please without the presence of a critical fourth."

"Unless it shall happen to be a very nice young man," laughingly, added Julia Baker.

"Anything but that," said the first speaker with grimace, adjusting veil and curls, however. "I'm brimful of mischief and in such a case I know I should do something awful."

"I do hope we shall be alone, though," said Mamie Walters, the youngest of the three, as she placed her books on the cushion at her side. "It's such fun to have the car all to one's self, or selves."

"I'm afraid the fun must go by the board then," exclaimed Anne, "for I see the fussiest, plainest, homeliest old woman coming right straight this way. O. misery! she will spoil everything."

"And look at that antiquated hand-bag—a century old, at least," cried Julia. "Did you ever see such a relic of Noah's ark? And how ridiculously she is dressed! I'm not sure but we can have our fun after all."

Meantime, bowed down by some infirmity, dusty with a day's ride and really antiquated in garb and manner, the old woman drew nearer and nearer to the car. When she had gained it, her face brightened visibly at the sight of the fresh young girls and in the kindness of her heart she nodded as much as to say, "My dears, you are all strangers to me, but I am very glad to see you."

They did not, however, return the nod; but one by one they smiled, looked in each other's faces and, at last, tittered audibly. The poor old woman seemed shocked at this incivility and drew herself as far from their vicinity as possible, while she turned her keen eyes that almost disproved her years, so large and black they were, from their faces to objects outside.

Julia, possessed with the spirit of fun, took up one of her school-books and, with a twinkle aside at Anne, began to read in a low tone: "She was the scrawniest, wierdest-looking object, with a wart on the bridge of her nose and a crincke cruncke bonnet of an uncertain age, like its owner. All she needed was a broom stick and a black cat to make a veritable witch." Here the mirth of the thoughtless girls became so audible that the reader was forced to put some restraint upon her fun-lovin^g proclivities and lay the book aside.

"Here's Dorr street," said Anne. "Julia I never thought to tell you. Uncle Alf brought us two Spitz dogs yesterday, white as wool and as cunning as they can be. Come home with me and see them. It won't take five minutes more, and perhaps I'll give you one."

"But mamma expects company and—"

"O, bother! I tell you it won't take five minutes longer. Come, there's a darling."

And the old lady sat looking after them, as the girls tripped away in high spirits, a sad expression on her care-worn face.

"Julia," she murmured. "I thought I knew the face. I hope it was only thoughtlessness," she added, and her lips trembled. "But, perhaps, I looked far too much from Julia's child and young folks can't be expected to enter into the feelings of the aged. But it is hard to be so disappointed," and she shook her head dejectedly.

Meantime, Julia had seen and admired the dogs, and the girls were about parting, "Come over to the house soon," said Julia to Anne, as they stood on the steps.

"I want to introduce you to one of the grandest old ladies—my mother's aunt! I have never seen her myself, but I know I shall love her, for she saved mamma's life at the risk of her own. Mamma has often told me about it—how, that she was in the third story of a burning house, and when the strongest men drew back, this aunt, then an invalid, ran through the flames with wet blankets and dragged her out of a horrible doom. She was fearfully burned and was sick for years afterwards from the effects of

her exertions. And mamma thinks all the world of Aunt Dortha. So do I. By the way it was mean of us to make fun of that old lady. What possessed us?"

"I couldn't help it," said Anne, "though I know it was wrong," and the friends made their adieus and parted.

"Has she come, mamma?" cried Julia, flushed and breathless from rapid walking,

"Yes, dear," said her mother smiling, "but she was so tired I persuaded her to lie down, so you won't see her till dinner time."

Dinner time came and with it Aunt Dortha—a little, brisk old lady in a satin dress, with a wart on her nose. No wonder Julia turned pale and sick at heart, as her mother introduced her with a loving smile.

Not but she understood that low and gentle "Never mind, my dear," which reached her ears alone, as the old lady kissed her and pressed her hand.

Never before had she felt so humiliated; and now that Aunt Dortha had cleared away all traces of dust and fatigue of the journey, she saw how noble and sweet was the face, spite of the disfiguring wart, and how really grand was the spirit that illumined it, and that led her to say in manner, at least, that all was forgiven and would be forgotten.

Julia has never failed from that day to this, to treat old age with respect, no matter whether she meets it clad in purple and fine linen, or the garb of poverty and misery.

One lesson was enough for a life time; one recognition of the beauty of Christian forbearance under great provocation sufficed.—*Presbyterian.*

LED BY A CHILD.

A gentleman, lecturing in London, said: "Everybody has influence, even that child," pointing to a little girl who sat beside her father.

"That's true," cried the man.

At the close he said to the lecturer

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was once a drunkard. I used to carry this child with me to the public house sometimes. As I approached it one

night, hearing a great noise inside, she said:

" 'Don't go, father!'

" 'Hold your tongue, child!'

" 'Please father, don't go!'

" 'Hold your tongue,' I said.

"Presently a big tear fell on my cheek—I could not go a step farther. I turned and went home, and have never been in a bar-room since. Thank God for it! I am now a happy man, and this little girl has led me to it; and when you said that even she had influence, I could not help saying, 'That's true!'"

AN INDIAN GIRL.

When an Indian girl is six years old, her playtime is over; she must now go to work. At first she helps her mother in making and mending the family clothing, and in other household tasks. On a march she cuts the wood, builds the fire, and cares for the horses. When there are but few ponies she walks, bearing the burdens which are too heavy for her brother and father to carry. All the bead-work sold by the family is made by her. When an animal is shot, she helps her mother take off the skin, cut up the flesh, and divide it into two portions, one for present use, the other for drying. Then she must tan and dress the skin, and dry and jerk the meat for winter eating.

The little girl ploughs, sows, hoes and reaps, while her brother is horse-racing and drinking. In winter, when it is too cold for him to go out, she must herd and care for the ponies. She can never even go to the field alone, for that would be a great violation of Indian etiquette. An old woman, too feeble to work, takes charge of a number of young girls, and under her protection they go from *tipi* to *tipi* in search of amusement. No matter how hard the day's work has been, the evening is their own. Then they crowd together listening to the story-tellers of the tribe. They also play a game resembling "Button, button, who has the button?" the fortunate guesser being rewarded by some article belonging to the player detected.—*S. S. Visiter*

INDIA AND ITS IDOLS.

"IDOLS, IDOLS, EVERYWHERE."

IF one were asked to describe India, I think the first remark that would spring from one's lips would be—"It is a land of idols! There are idols, idols everywhere!" I can well remember as a boy that at a certain missionary meeting in England, when the missionary held up two or three idols for our inspection, I greatly marvelled at the sight, and wondered whether I should ever visit India and see idolatry for myself in all its powers and degradation.

And now that I have been in the East my astonishment is no whit lessened at the fact that so many millions of boys and girls, young men and maidens, and older people, human beings like ourselves, can bow down before gods of wood and stone and brass. Idolatry seems to have a fascination for the Hindus; it is the very air they breathe; it is the food of their souls. They are the willing slaves of custom in this respect, for the common people of India, it is easy to be seen, are passionately interested in and devoted to the worship and service of idols.

The late Rev. M. A. Sherring, of Benares, in his well-known book entitled "The Sacred City of the Hindus," says: "Indeed the love for idolatry is so deep-seated and intense in the breasts of the people, that it is a common thing for both men and women to amuse themselves with manufacturing little gods from mud and clay, and after paying divine honours to them, and that too with the same profound reverence which they display in their devotions before the well-known deities of the temples, to throw them away."

Mr. Sherring then gives a striking instance in proof of his assertion. He says: "One day on entering the courtyard of the temple of Annpurná, the Goddess of Plenty, my attention was arrested by an aged woman seated on the ground in front of a small clay figure, which, I ascertained, she had with her own hands manufactured that morning, and to which she was solemnly paying homage. Close by was a brazen vessel containing water, into which every now and then she dipped a

small spoon, and then gently poured a few drops upon the head of the image. She then reverently folded her hands, and muttered words of prayer, occasionally moving one hand to her face, and with finger and thumb compressing her two nostrils, in order that, holding her breath as long as possible, she might increase the merit of her worship and the efficacy of her prayer. Having completed her devotions she rose, took the image which she had worshipped in her hands, and threw it away as of no further use."

So strong in fact are the Hindus in this passion for worshipping something they can see and handle, that they will almost use anything for an idol. I have heard of a Hindu gentleman in South India who wanted to get possession of an English doll for purposes of worship. The doll had been given by a missionary lady to a native Christian girl as a prize for good conduct at school. The little girl had carried it home, of course, and shown it to her friends with great glee, little thinking any one would wish to deprive her of it. A neighbor, an acquaintance of her father, however, having seen the doll, took a fancy to it, thinking it would make a capital idol, and tried to bribe the little girl into parting with it. The child refused, though offered the equivalent of ten shillings for it; and had the courage to tell the man that he was foolish to worship idols at all, and that he would show wisdom by putting his trust in Jesus Christ the Saviour of the world. The Hindu sharply replied, "I don't want your Christ, but only that pretty image, if you will sell it to me."

It would be impossible to compute the number of idols that there must be at the present time in India. The Hindus pretend to have 333,000,000 gods, and these are represented by innumerable idols, so that we are quite bewildered with the thought of taking the census of the idols of India. The population of the whole Indian Empire is now about 300,000,000, and probably the country contains ten times as many idols as people. The world is therefore a long way off the fulfilment of that Bible prophecy which says, "And the idols shall He utterly abolish."

Benares is the great centre of the idol-making business, though in all parts of India the trade flourishes. Potters, the day through, may be seen in the sacred city, moulding images of clay for temporary use. Sculptors also may be found producing representations of the gods in stone or marble. Carpenters, moreover, make great wooden idols for the temples; and workers in metal—goldsmiths, coppersmiths, and brassworkers—turn out more or less highly-finished specimens in their respective metals.

"Special value," one writer says, "attaches to golden images of certain gods and goddesses, while for others, copper or brass, or an amalgam of mercury and tin, is preferred. Sitala, the Goddess of Small-pox, is always represented in silver; but the most sacred of all materials for the manufacture of gods is a perfect alloy produced by mixing eight metals—viz., gold, silver, brass, lead, iron, tin, mercury, and copper.

I have heard it whispered in more than one quarter, that many of the idols that are worshipped in India are manufactured in England; but I would fain believe that the report is not correct, for I do not like to think ill of my fellow-countrymen. Miss Cumming, in her book entitled "In the Himalayas and on the Indian Plains," speaking of some images offered to her by a vendor of idols in Benares, says, "I strongly suspect that every little idol in his basket was pure 'Brummagem,' and not without reason, for it is currently reported that Birmingham exports an immensely large proportion of the idols of Hindustan, and finds them a very profitable speculation." Again I would remark that I hope the report is incorrect. If the people of India will have idols to worship, it is certainly not for Christian England to supply them.

When speaking of idols it should be borne in mind that images turned out by the potter, sculptor, carver, or manufacturer, are not considered sacred or fit to be worshipped, until certain mystic words have been uttered over them by a priest. The ceremony of "the giving of life," as it is called, to the image, is a very solemn affair, and when it is done the

idol is regarded as holy, and must ever afterwards be approached and treated with the utmost reverence.

Out of many millions of so-called gods in India, all of whom are counted worthy of worship, three are regarded as specially sacred, and form the Hindu Triad or Trinity. They are respectively Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. Of these, it is stated, the second person of the Trinity only has been represented on this earth by human incarnations. Through one or all of these gods the Hindus believe they may obtain salvation. Brahma represents the way of salvation by wisdom, Vishnu, by faith, and Siva by works. It is immaterial which method is adopted, as they all lead to the same goal.

And from what do the Hindus wish or hope to be saved? Well, I can say, once for all, that it is not, generally speaking, from sin. "The idols are not worshipped for spiritual blessings, holiness, and aids to moral culture, but to obtain exemption from the physical evils of life—relief from sickness, victory over enemies, healthy children, wealth, good luck, worldly gain, temporal prosperity. According to the philosophical system of Hinduism, only temporal benefits are to be obtained from idols." The Hindus have not yet realised that "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

Soon after I landed on Indian soil it was my lot to obtain possession of an idol, under most interesting circumstances. It was at Madras, where I had gone on shore to visit a college friend who had preceded me to India by a year or so. My friend told me how his heart had been cheered by a Hindu, whom he knew, forsaking idolatry, and becoming a follower of Christ. I rejoiced with him, and in course of conversation I asked what the new convert would do with his old household idols. For reply I was asked if I would like to possess one of them, as a memento of the event, and of my visit to Madras. I promptly answered "Yes"; and my friend brought from another room a tiny brass idol, and, placing it in my hand, said, "Take it, and welcome. It was

given to me by the new convert, but I am sure he will not mind my giving it to you."

The idol that I thus obtained possession of, and have yet, represents Ganesha, the god of Wisdom. Ganesha is said to have been a son of Siva. He sits cross-legged, and has many arms; but the strangest thing about him is that he has the head and trunk of an elephant.

The story told concerning this god is, that he was originally born with a human head, but having been deprived of it by his father, in a fit of anger, his mother vowed to supply its place with the head of the first living creature she met. This proved to be an elephant; and with the head of the elephant, Ganesha is credited with receiving the wisdom of this ungainly but sagacious animal. Ganesha is very popular in India, and his shrine may be found in every village throughout the length and breadth of the land. He is worshipped by every schoolboy, for is he not the god of wisdom, the master of caligraphy, and the patron of literature?

The second idol that came into my possession, and this time by purchase, represents even a more popular god than Ganesha. His name is Krishna, and he is the favourite idol of all the women, as well as the boys and girls, of Hindustan. And yet from all accounts the character of this god is not of the best. The image that I own represents him as quite dark in colour—it has been suggested to me that he is painted black on account of his sins. Of this god, and especially of his escapades in the days of childhood and youth, a pretty full account will be found in a later chapter in this book.

The idols of India, it will already have been noticed, are not confined to the male sex. There are quite a number of goddesses as well as gods in the Hindu Pantheon. Perhaps the principal may be said to be Sarasvati the wife of Brahma, Lakshmi the wife of Vishnu, and Kali the wife of Siva. The first is the goddess of Knowledge, the second of Love and prosperity, and the third—well, it is difficult to say what she is the goddess of, for though she is familiarly called "mother Kali," she delights in blood, and revels in the

sacrifice of goats and buffaloes. Kali is generally represented as standing on the body of her husband, with her tongue protruding from her mouth, her hair hanging far down her back, and with a wreath of skulls round her neck. Truly this notorious idol is horrible to look upon, and to think about. To speak of her as "mother" seems blasphemous. The Hindu scriptures tell some dreadful tales of her wicked doings; and if space permitted I might relate some sad stories of the infamous deeds of numbers of her worshippers, who have been robbers and murderers. At one time it is said even little children were offered up in sacrifice to this bloodthirsty idol.

Idols are of course worshipped both privately and publicly. And both in the house and the temple they are treated with the greatest respect and the profoundest reverence. It would be amusing, if it were not so sad, to notice with what care the make-believe gods and goddesses of India are looked after both by day and night. Mr. B. Chunder, in his book entitled "The Travels of a Hindu," tells of the princely magnificence with which an image of Krishna was treated in a temple called Kundu in Bengal.

The writer says: "Of all the shrines the one at Kundu is maintained with the greatest liberality. The god here seems to live in the style of the Great Moghul. His throne and pillows are of the best velvet and damask, richly embroidered. Before him are placed gold and silver salvers, cups, tumblers, and jugs of various size and pattern. He is fed every morning with fifty kinds of curries, and ten kinds of pudding. His breakfast over, gold hookahs are brought to him to smoke the most aromatic tobacco. He then retires for his noonday nap. In the afternoon he tiffs and lunches, and at night before he goes to bed he sups upon the choicest and richest viands." The Brahmins, of course, get all these good things, though the farce is kept up of the idols having excellent appetites, so that the foolish worshippers may not be slack in finding the money for their support. When will such a mockery of religion come to an end?—From "The Land of Idols" by Rev. John J. Pool.

THE TOAD'S STORY.



ONE day I was passing along the country road and I saw some boys trying to stone a toad that was hopping across the road. When a few words of remonstrance were spoken to them, the largest looked up and said: "Toads h'aint good for nothin'."

It was such a pretty bit of wayside that the persecuted toad had hopped into for protection. There were little moss covered rocks all around whose base the bright golden rod was blooming, and red tops of the "Queen of the Meadow." The boys were trying to find a stick to poke about with, so they could drive the toad out of its hiding place. A lecture on cruelty to animals given in a direct manner might be lost on those boys, but a story would not.

"It's a hot day, boys, and you all look tired," the writer said. "Don't you want to sit down here on the rocks under these willow trees and rest yourselves while you listen to a story about toads?"

The boy who evidently had the characteristics that go to make up a leader, said: "Waal, if it's a right down, good, funny story, I don't care if we do." So when he sat down, all the rest sat down. You know boys are something like sheep: when the leader jumps over the fence, the rest of the flock are pretty sure to follow. When they were all seated the story was told, and this is what it was.

On an island near the coast of Massachusetts a lady lived who wrote beautiful poetry; her name was Celia Thaxter. She had a fine garden, or would have had, were it not for the slugs that got up very early in the morning and destroyed many of the plants, and then hid themselves, like sneak thieves, as soon as the sun came up, so no one could find out who had done the mischief and where they were secreted. There were no toads on this little island, for some reason; perhaps they did not like living so near the sea. A gentleman, who was a naturalist, came to see this lady, and when he found she was having so much trouble with the slugs, he said: "Why, where are your toads, and why are they not tend-

ing to business? Toads always take care that the slugs don't make much headway with their destructive tendencies." The lady said she had never seen a toad on that island. "Why don't you import some?" he asked.

It was a new thought, and a grand, good one. Mrs. Thaxter immediately sent out word to an inland friend that she wanted toads. In a few days a box came by express directed to her. She opened it, and on the top of some dry earth there were three as miserable, home-sick, travel-tired toads as you can imagine.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the boys. "Sending toads by express! Did you ever hear tell of such thing?"

"The lady immediately turned the hose on to this box, and out of the baked, dry earth one toad lifted its head, and then another, and when she turned the box into the middle of the garden, out jumped ninety toads!

"They went right to work to hunt out the slugs for their breakfast. And the lady wrote to the friend who sent the toads, 'If there's one think I adore more than another, it is the toad.' In France they make a business of catching toads and selling them to gardeners."

The boys had given close attention to the story. The leader said: "Waal, now, that was a funny story—but 'taint really true, is it, lady?"

"Yes, every word of it is true."

It was quite evident, as one boy looked at another, and they fanned themselves with their torn hats, that the toad story had made a hit in the audience.

"We won't stone 'em no more, lady. They've riz right up, them toads have, to be things of consequence. Come, boys, we've got to get back to the holler afore supper. Good-bye, lady."

"Good-bye, boys. I hope you will never be cruel to any of God's dumb creatures after this."

They waved their hats in the air, and a few moments were out of sight.—*Susan T'call Perry, in Evangelist.*

"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE POPULAR.

Don't find fault.

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in your life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't over or under dress.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.—*Sel.*

HOW ALCOHOL WARMS.

A patient was arguing with his doctor on the necessity of his taking a stimulant. He urged that he was weak and needed it. Said he: "But, doctor, I must have some kind of stimulant. I am cold and it warms me."

"Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer. "See here. This stick is cold," taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire. "Now it is warm, but is the stick benefited?"

The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke and then burst into a flame and replied: "Of course not. It is burning itself."

"And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol—you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain."—*Selected.*

At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoso is deceived thereby is not wise.

International S. S. Lessons

(Adapted from the Westminster Ques. Book.)

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

15 Dec.

Les. 1 Sam. 20 ; 32-42. Gol. Text, Prov. 18-24. Mem. vs, 41-42. Catechism Q. 33-35.

Study the lesson help in the *Presbyterian Record*, and answer the following.

QUESTIONS.

Between the lessons.—Into whose presence was David brought after the death of Goliath? How did Saul receive him? Who became greatly attached to David? How did he show his love for David? What covenant did he make with him? How was Saul's hatred against David excited? How did he try to get rid of David? What command did he give to Jonathan and to all his servants? How was he led to withdraw this order? What again aroused his jealousy? What further attempt did he make? How did David escape? To whom did he go? What took place at Natioth? To whom did he go from Natioth? What took place during their interview? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

1. *Jonathan's Intercession*, vs. 32-34.—What excuse did Jonathan give for David's absence from the king's table? vs. 27-29. How did Saul receive it? vs. 30, 31. How did Jonathan intercede for David? What effect had this on Saul? What did Jonathan then do? Why was he so angry and grieved? What king's son intercedes for us? How does his Father receive his intercessions?

II. *David warned of his danger*, vs. 35-40.—Where did Jonathan go? Whom did he take with him? What did he tell the lad to do? What did he call out to the lad? What did David know by this? What did Jonathan then do? Why did he send the lad away?

III. *The parting of the friends*, vs. 41, 42.—What did David do when the lad was gone? How did he salute Jonathan? How did they show their love for one another? What did Jonathan say to David? How did the friends part? How does Jonathan's conduct illustrate the Golden Text? How has Christ shown his friendship for us? What should we do for him in return?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. We should seek our friends among the good and the true.
2. True friendship will endure through trial and danger.

3. It is disinterested, self-sacrificing, tender and sym. pathizing.

5. Jesus Christ is the best of all friends, the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

22 Dec.

Les. Luke 2: 8-20.
Mem. vs. 9-11.

Gol. Text, Luke 2-10.
Catechism Q. 36-38.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory—Where did Joseph and Mary live? Why did they go to Bethlehem? What took place while they were there? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the memory verses? The Catechism.

I. *The Watching Shepherds*, vs. 8-12.—Who were in the field near Bethlehem? What were they doing? Who appeared to them? How were the shepherds affected? How did the angel encourage them? What tidings did he bring? For whom were these tidings? By what sign were the shepherds to know the Infant Saviour? Wherein did Christ's humiliation consist?

II. *The Song of the Angels*, vs. 13, 14.—Who appeared with the angel? What were they doing? What was their song? How did the birth of Christ bring glory to God? How did it bring peace on earth, good will toward men? What was Mary's song of praise? Luke 1: 46-56. What was the thanksgiving utterance of John? Rev. 1: 5, 6.

III. *The Holy Child*, vs. 15-20.—What did the shepherds say one to another? What did they do? What did they find? What did they then do? How was their report received? What is said of Mary? How did the shepherds show their joy? How should we receive the tidings of a Saviour?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Christ was born a Saviour for us all.
2. His birth brings glory to God, joy to angels, and salvation to men.
3. As soon as we hear of this Saviour we should hasten to find him.
4. When we have found him we should tell to others the glad tidings of his love.
5. "Christ the Lord" is Divine as well as human. God as well as man. Immanuel—God with us.
6. Faith in Christ, with true repentance, is the only way of salvation.

Hark! the glad sound the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart exult with joy
And every voice be song.

REVIEW.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

20 Dec.

Les. Judges II. to 1 Samuel, XX.
Gol. Text, Matt. 6: 10.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

What did the Israelites do after the death of Joshua and his generation? How were they punished? What did he do for them on their repentance? Whom did the Lord call to deliver Israel from the Midianites? What great victory did the Lord give to Gideon? What was Ruth's reply when Naomi urged her to remain in the land of Moab? What did Samuel say when the Lord called him? What did the Lord foretell to Samuel? What memorial of his victory over the Philistines did Samuel set up? How long did Samuel judge Israel? Whom did the Lord set over the Israelites as king? What counsel did Samuel give the people? What sentence was pronounced upon Saul? Upon what errand did the Lord send Samuel? What took place after David was appointed king? Who challenged the Israelites to fight with him? Who accepted the challenge? How was David armed for the combat? How did Goliath regard David? What did David reply? How did the battle end? How did Jonathan regard David? What did he promise David? What were their parting words when David fled to escape Saul's anger? What good tidings of great joy did an angel bring to the shepherds of Bethlehem? What was the song of the angels at the birth of the Saviour? Review-drill on titles, Golden Texts, Lesson Plans, and Catechism Questions. What is the Golden Text of this Review Lesson?

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HER GIFT.

BY GERTRUDE MANLEY JONES.

THE minister's eyes swept with intense searching, the apathetic faces of his stylish, worldly, congregation. He had made an impassioned appeal for help in the support of a little mission church among the mountains—a section where rough men and women knew scarcely anything of God and the religion of Christ. He had hoped to inspire the people with the spirit of giving, to make them feel that it was a sweet, blessed privilege, and—he had failed. A sense of utter desolation crept over him.

"God help me," his lips murmured mutely. He could not see the bent figure of little crippled Maggie in the rear of the church—a figure that was trembling under the fire of his appeal.

"Lord Jesus," the little one was saying brokenly, "I ain't got nothin' ter give: I want the people in the mountains ter hear 'bout my Saviour. O, Lord, I ain't got nothin' ter"—

What was it that made the child catch her breath as though a cold hand had taken hold of her heart? "Yes, you have, Maggie," whispered a voice from somewhere; "you've got your crutch, your beautiful crutch that was give ter you, an' is worth a lot of shinin' dollars. You kin give up your best friend what helps you ter git into the park where the birds sing, an' takes you ter preachin' and makes your life happy."

"O, no, Lord," sobbed the child, choking and shivering. "Yes, yes, I will! He give up more'n that fer me."

Blindly she extended the polished crutch and placed it in the hand of the deacon who was taking up the scanty collection. For a moment the man was puzzled; then comprehending her meaning, he carried her crutch to the front of the church and laid it on the table in front of the pulpit. The minister stepped down from the rostrum and held up the crutch with shaking hands. The sublimity of the renunciation unnerved him so that he could not speak for a moment.

"Do you see it, my people," he faltered at last; "little crippled Maggie's crutch—all

that she has to make life comfortable? She has given it to the Lord, and you—"

There was a moment of silence. The people flushed and moved restlessly in their cushioned pews.

"Does anyone want to contribute to the mission cause the amount of money this crutch would bring, and give it back to the child who is helpless without it?" the minister asked gravely.

"Fifty dollars," came in husky tones from the banker.

"Twenty-five."

"One hundred."

And so the subscribing went on, until papers equivalent to \$600 were lightly piled over the crutch on the table.

"Ah, you have found your hearts—thank God! Let us receive the benediction," almost whispered the minister as he suddenly extended his hands which were trembling with emotion. Little Maggie, absorbed in the magnitude of her offering and the love that prompted it, comprehended nothing that had taken place. She had no thought of the future, of how she would reach her humble home, or of the days in which she would sit helpless in her chair as she had once done. Christ had demanded her all, and she had given it, with the blind faith of an Abraham. She understood no better when a woman's arms drew her into close embrace, and soft lips whispered in her ear: "Maggie, dear, your crutch has made \$600 for the mission church among the mountains, and has come back to stay with you again. Take it, little one."

Like a flash of light there came the consciousness that in some mysterious way her gift had been accepted of God, and returned to her, and with a cry of joy the child caught the beloved crutch to her lonely heart; then, smiling through her tears at the kind faces and reverential eyes, she hobbled out of the sanctuary.—*Christian Observer.*

How like to the gift of the poor widow, who put into the offering two mites, all that she had, and of whom the Lord said, "She hath cast in more than all they that cast into the treasury."